

# Light.

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

"LIGHT MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

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Mr. JESSE F. SHEPARD, in writing to the author, says: 'I take the opportunity of sending you a few lines to tell you how much I appreciate your "Modern Song from Classic Story." The last poem is strikingly suggestive; and the sentiments expressed are just what I have felt about England. We are sitting over a social volcano, but the governing powers have taken no heed of the ashes already fallen about them; the eruption will engulf them.'

The following Poem is a sample of the character of the book:—

### THE DEAD MUSICIAN.

It is recorded of ORPHEUS that after his death he received divine honours, and that near his tomb the nightingales built their nests, and sang with surpassing sweetness.

His harp is broken! Some declare him dead.  
We only say—'A prince of song is fled!'  
The song is *fled*. 'Tis the best word we know  
In earth's vocabulary; words do but flow  
Congested, to express sublimest thought.  
There is no death to Song; her wings were wrought  
In heaven, where Music hath her native sphere,  
Returning thither after lingering here.  
Heaven knows no broken melodies in death,  
No blank annihilation of the breath  
That stirred to song the fitting instrument  
Which is not ours to keep, but only lent;  
And when the singer can no more abide  
The instrument is closed and laid aside,  
Only to be retained for memory's shrine,  
Where roses and white lilies intertwine,  
To breathe of life, and show the fragrant sign.  
Around that shrine assemble in a crowd  
Song's lingering memories without a shroud—  
Love's nightingales of many a tender strain  
That wake the silence with a sweet refrain.  
There Faith and Hope surround a vestal flame,—  
The stainless virgins of enduring name  
Who love to linger near us while we wait  
In expectation of life's western gate,  
Whose bright inscription hearts delight to read;  
Leaving to unharmonious souls the creed,  
The cold and songless creed that knows no life  
Beyond the years of earth's discordant strife,—  
Where lives re-tuned and harmonies well met  
Shall find lost chords and melodies re-set.



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A common-place dream enough. But, a few days after, his friend wrote to him the following letter :—

Water-street, Liverpool.

MY DEAR CHUMMIE,—You are a nice sort of chap, don't you think? Blundering into a fellow's office at the busiest time of the day, and sending him on a hunt to find two places for a pair of tramps he knows nothing about! And then—as soon as his back is turned—cutting off without saying a word! What the deuce has come to you, and where are you? I did not even know you were in Liverpool. Just hurry up and explain yourself.

Your two hedge-sparrows are on the way to the Black Sea. We packed them off in a Mediterranean boat, where they will get plenty of rope's end unless they move about pretty smart. If they turn up trumps—and I confess that I rather fancy them—you may depend that we shall not lose sight of them. I gave them the five you wanted, and they asked for your address. Probably you will hear from them. Have you got any more of the same stock on hand?

By the way, a restaurant fellow turned up yesterday. Said you had walked into his place the same day, ordered covers for two, and *bolted without paying!* Said he didn't mind because you were a friend of mine, confound you! However, I paid him his account, but in future you had better let me know of your movements. I shall have to bail you out one of these days—chokee, you know, cropped hair, and number something. Love to the wife. Don't mind my chaff.—Yours always,

CH. SWAN.

Then, in two months, came a letter from the two youths, thanking him for his good services; and, in two years, they themselves came. He recognised them, and they recognised him: and the following conversation brings the story to a close :—

I said I wished particularly to remember certain points. It was so long ago that my memory needed jogging. For instance, what was I doing when they first saw me? Was I asleep?

Asleep? No! More as if I was thinking—hard.

Did I shake hands—or offer to shake hands—with them?

No. I had a kind of a sort of a far-away look; but I answered them when they spoke, and told them to follow me when we arrived at the Liverpool landing stage.

Did they see me leave my friend's office?

No. They suddenly missed me, and stayed about outside, thinking that I should come back. While I was with them I had spoken but little, seeming to prefer to intimate my wishes by signs and gestures.

'We thought,' Steenie interposed, 'that you looked pale and ill; and your voice was weakly. But we put that down to bad health.'

That I looked pale and ill I could well understand; who would not, after so rapid a flight through space? But where did the voice, however weakly, come from? Not from the throat of that sleeping figure, lying upon the rustic seat more than two hundred miles away.

'There is one thing more,' said Laurence. 'You fitted us out with a five-pound note. Mr. Swan said you had asked him to give it to us. We had never had so much money at once, in all our lives. We gratefully return it now'—he laid a sealed envelope before me—'but what it has done for us we can never hope to repay.'

And that was the end of it.

And a very queer end too. We should like the Psychological Research people to put 'Bennett Coll' through its smallest sieve.

The following appears in 'The Two Worlds,' written by a correspondent :—

The following extract from the 'Agnostic Journal' of the 14th instant is decidedly interesting :—'I am much gratified to observe that "LIGHT," a journal for which the more liberalised order of Agnostics entertain high respect, is justifying their good opinions. There has lately been abroad a suspicion that two excellent men, but with archaic pulpit instincts—Mr. John Page Hopps and Mr. W. T. Stead—were obscuring "LIGHT," to some extent, by insisting on using the dark lantern of an ancient teacher, said to have once lived in Galilee. This fact, or supposed fact, was a source of anxiety to many of my friends and

to myself. But "LIGHT's" leader for last week, "Spiritualism and Christianity," is encouraging and reassuring.'

The writer quoted is not the only one who has been gratified by 'LIGHT's' clear pronouncement on this question, and it is to be hoped now that there will be no more misunderstanding as to the relations between Spiritualism and Christianity.

There are special reasons why this, the latest (and we hope the last) of a series of a similar kind, should have its foolishness made clear. It is never safe and it is never quite decent to speculate as to the writer of this or that leader, and this was never better illustrated than by the above paragraph. We are proud of the fact that we have several esteemed and able coadjutors, and that Mr. Page Hopps is one of them. So for once, and in order to stop, if possible, this idle talk, we remove the veil and say that this very leader, cited as a discouragement to Mr. Page Hopps, happened to be his own! We drop the veil and shall now have no need to lift it again.

In our article of last week on 'The Happiness of the Spiritual Idealist,' we referred to the fact that there is a higher and truer kind of ownership than that implied by mere personal possession. A correspondent has copied out and sent us a poem having for its burden the same idea, and we reproduce it with pleasure. It lends an added interest to the verses to know that they were written by Robert Leighton, the Scottish poet, a brother of Andrew Leighton, one of the pioneers of our cause, and a man of great spirituality of character, as indeed were both the brothers :—

#### TRUE POSSESSION.

If I can love without possessing, mine  
Becomes the true possession; for love brings  
Into this self all that is most divine  
In the beloved things;

That river with its wealth of ships; these streets  
Of endless property and shifting scene;  
And yon fair landscape, with its princely streets,  
And fields of gold and green;

Of these no spar, no stone, no clod I own,  
But there's a glamour round them, without which  
They nothing were but clod and spar and stone,  
And *that* I freely reach.

The dearest having of a prosperous man  
Might be his neighbour's, yet he not resign:  
For this our equal birthright—Take who can;  
All earth *love*, and 'tis thine!

#### A DIALOGUE OF THE DAY.

SCENE: *Hyde Park.* TIME: *A recent Sunday morning.*

AFFABLE STRANGER (to Itinerant Preacher who has just concluded a bitter attack on *Spiritualism*): 'Thank you, sir. That was a first rate speech of yours against a grovelling superstition.'

ITINERANT PREACHER: 'I am pleased to hear you say so, dear friend, and may I take it that you are also on the Lord's side?'

AFFABLE STRANGER: 'Well, no—not exactly. I am a materialist, and as such I am always pleased to hear an exposure of the barbarous fallacies concerning a spirit-world and a future existence as set forth in the old Jew Book, the Bible.'

Preacher retires to ponder.

#### RECEIVED.

'Lucifer,' for September. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 7, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C. 1s. 6d.)

'The Theosophist,' for September. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 7, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C. 2s.)

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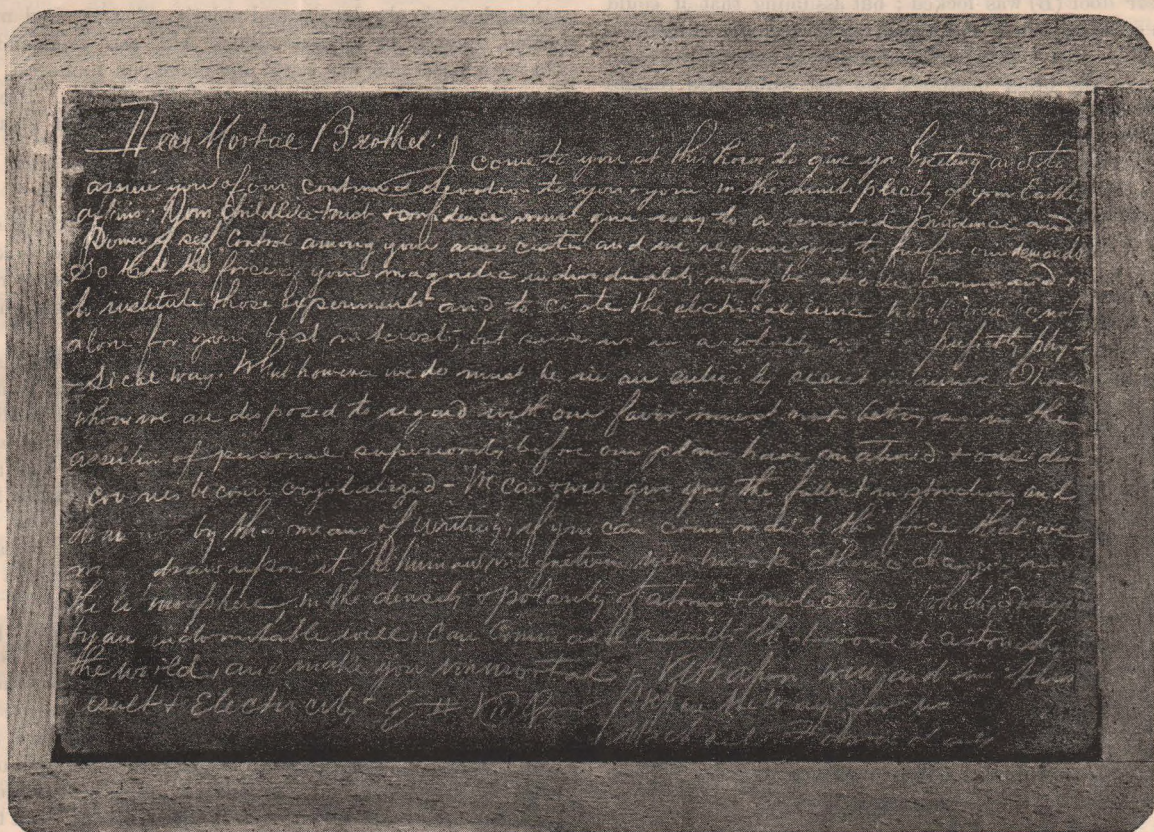


## A VOICE, PAINTING, AND WRITING SEANCE.

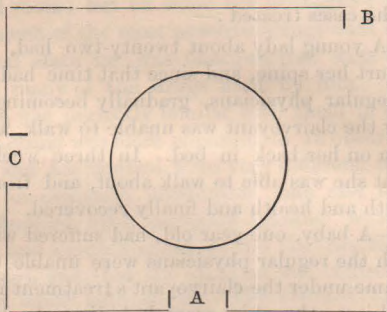
REPORTED BY GENERAL LIPPITT.

On the evening of August 14th last I attended a 'dark séance' held by a medium lately arrived here (Onsett, Mass.), at the end of which there appeared, *inter alia*, a slate covered over with writing, signed 'Michael Faraday,' under circumstances that furnish, I think, conclusive proof of spirit return, and some evidence at least of spirit identity. I now send you a brief account of it, hoping it may find room in your columns.

The medium was Jules Wallace, an Irishman, who has never before visited this place, and to whom I was a stranger, as were also Messrs. Brooke and Rolfe, who accompanied me. The other sitters were a quiet young man, a stranger to us (whose letter accompanies this), and two ladies, also strangers to us, whose names and addresses I did not ask for at the time, not having then thought of writing out what occurred for publication; and since then I have been unable to ascertain their names or get on the track of them.



To show the conditions, I here append a diagram of the room, which is about twelve feet square. The house is of one storey, with no cellar, being built on the ground. The floor is entirely covered with straw matting securely nailed down. The ceiling is unfinished, and the rafters supporting it uncovered.



A is the entrance from the street.

B, entrance from a rear room.

C, a window, a view of which is commanded from an inhabited cottage a few yards from it; outside blinds closed in and covered on the inside by a thick cloth nailed to the casings.

The ring represents the sitters.

There are no other entrances or openings.

The sitters consisted of seven persons, including the medium. We sat in a circle, and during the entire dark séance holding each other's hands, the medium's right hand being held by Mr.

Rolfe, and his left by the youth already mentioned. The right hand of one of the two ladies was held by Mr. Brooke, and the left hand of the other lady by Mr. Rolfe.

Before the light was extinguished six slates, one for each sitter, were given us for examination, and no writing or picture was found on any of them. Just before the light was extinguished, by the medium's direction, we placed our respective slates on the floor in front of our feet.

During the darkness, which was total, a variety of manifestations occurred. I will briefly mention those I made a special note of:—

1. Through a trumpet I was addressed by an army officer, giving his name, a friend of mine who was crippled in the war, who lived a very retired life in Washington, and died there some eight years ago.

2. Also, through a trumpet, I was addressed by a lady friend, giving her name, who lived in New York City, and died there two years ago; asking me to send her love to Jack (the name by which she always called her husband).

3. Suddenly, in the midst, apparently, of the whole circle, an aria was sung in Italian by a soprano voice, I said: 'That is very pretty; it is from "Il Trovatore."'

4. The dark séance was closed by an address from 'Dr. Abernethy' (using, apparently, the medium's voice, but without the brogue), strikingly characteristic of his manner of speaking as recorded of him. In this address he diagnosed the physical condition of each of the sitters; every one of whom assented to the diagnosis as correct. Among the spirits he named as being present was 'Stainton Moses,' 'as coming to myself,' and (adding) 'to brother Rolfe.' Mr. Rolfe is connected with the Boston 'Globe.'

The dark sitting continued, to my judgment, about three-quarters of an hour. At its termination the slates were piled up on the floor, inside the circle. One of the two ladies found on her slate a bunch of flowers beautifully painted in oils, the paint being still wet. In the centre of my own slate was a graceful female figure, costume à la Grecque, most artistically drawn in coloured crayons. At the bottom of it was written 'Sontag (whom I once heard in Italian opera). Scattered about on the slate were ten or more signatures of various personages, all in different handwritings, some of which were recognisable as facsimiles of the true signatures, as known to the public. And on one side were the following lines in a delicate female hand:

'Un agneau se désaltérait dans le courant d'une onde pure —the commencement, I presume, of La Fontaine's fable of the Wolf and the Lamb.



The message signed 'Michael Faraday' will speak for itself. It would be difficult, I think, to show the writing to be more likely to have come from some other scientist than from Faraday himself. In the photograph it is reduced from the original. After the séance we learned from the young man, who modestly supposed that it could not be intended for himself, that he is studying to become an electrical engineer.

Now, as to the possibility of the manifestations I have detailed being produced by fraud. I observe :—

1. The slates were perfectly clean when the light was extinguished, and there were no materials for painting or drawing to be seen.

2. The medium could have had no personal agency in what occurred, his hands being held during the entire dark séance.

3. No confederate could have been used.

The front door (A) was locked, and could not have been opened without letting in light from the street.

The window (C) was closed by blinds, shut in on the outside, and by a thick cloth nailed up on the inside; and, after the séance, was found to be *in statu quo*.

The rear door (B) was locked; but assuming that it could have been secretly opened and locked again after the escape of a confederate, or that a confederate could have entered the room from either of the other openings, the fact would still remain that he or she could not have passed inside of the circle without jumping over the heads of the sitters; which operation would have to be repeated in escaping from the room.

Finally, though Wallace continues to give these dark séances, he is apparently in the habit of leaving the house open in the daytime. For two or three times, on entering through the unlocked door in quest of him, I have found no one within, and could have made a thorough examination of the entire premises. If they contained trap-doors or other fraudulent contrivances, is it credible that he would leave his house open for inspection by any of the hundreds that are daily passing his door, many of whom are only too ready to expose a medium?

In response to my questions relating to the writing purporting to come from Faraday, Wallace assures me that he has been a circus rider most of his life, that he has had very little education, and that he knows nothing whatever about electricity 'or any of those studies.'

If the manifestations I have described occurred as I have stated them, I see no escape from the conclusion that no living mortal produced them.

Onset, Massachusetts,  
August 21st, 1895.

FRANCIS J. LIPPITT.

General Lippitt has read over to us the foregoing account, and we hereby certify that it is throughout a true and accurate statement of what occurred at the dark séance of Jules Wallace on August 14th.

JAMES J. BROOKE.  
West Philada., No. 708, N. 40th Street.  
CHARLES ROLFE.  
819, 4th Street, South Boston.

SIR,—In compliance with your request I now state as follows :—

This slate-writing was obtained at a dark circle through the mediumship of Jules Wallace.

The medium was not acquainted with me to any extent, as he never saw me before; and as I am a perfect stranger in the town, nobody knows my business.

He may have known that I was a student, but I have no reason to believe that he knew what subject I was taking. The slates were passed round before the lights were put out, and there was nothing on them. We placed them at our feet, and the lights were put out, and everybody joined hands. I can testify that I held the medium's left hand the entire evening. The room was in total darkness all the time. When the circle was over the slates were all piled in the centre of the room, and this one seemed to be for me.

The communication contains good advice as well as information. The point of 'Etheric Change' is one which has been brought to my attention while studying under Professor Holbear, of Tufts College. The work with which I am acquainted is one of his, called 'Matter, Ether, and Motion.'

The whole communication is signed Michael Faraday.

If there is any further information I can give you I will gladly do so as far as I am able.

Tufts College, Mass.

FRED M. RANDLETT.

We give a reduced facsimile of the slate-written message above referred to. It is not very distinct, the

photograph supplied by General Lippitt being too faint for successful reproduction. It appears to us, however, to read as follows :—

DEAR MORTAL BROTHER,—I come to you at this hour to give you Greeting and to assure you of our continued devotion to you and yours in the multiplicity of your earthly affairs. Your childlike trust and confidence must give way to a renewed prudence and power of self-control among your associates, and we require you to fulfil our demands so that the force of your magnetic individuality may be at our command; to institute those experiments and to create the electrical aura, which will be not alone for your best interests, but serve us in a wholly new and perfectly physical way. What, however, we do must be in an entirely secret manner. Those whom we are disposed to regard with our favour must not betray us in the assertion of personal superiority before our plans have been matured and our discoveries become crystallised. We can, and will, give you the fullest instruction and drawings by the means of writing, if you can command the force, that we may draw upon it. The human magnetism will invoke Etheric change in the atmosphere, in the density and polarity of atoms and molecules which, swayed by an indomitable will, can command results that would astonish the world and make you immortal. Vibration (?) will aid in this result, and Electricity. Prepare the way for us.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

#### A CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

I have read in 'LIGHT' numerous reports of the good work accomplished through the instrumentality of what is known as 'healing mediumship,' and in confirmation of such reports I should like to place before your readers a few facts which have come within my own experience.

Some years ago I practised as a chemist and druggist in one of the British colonies, and had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a gentleman who had the 'gift of healing' in a remarkable degree. We became fast friends, and I had every opportunity of testing his genuineness. He was a trance medium, and had to be put into an unconscious state in order to do the work. In his normal condition he was a plain, uneducated man, but 'in his sleep,' as we used to call it, we met with a very profound thinker, and for an hour at a time we were often delighted with the teachings we received from his 'guides.' The clairvoyant would take the hands of the patients, and describe their pains and symptoms; then he would say what was the disease, describing it very minutely, and saying whether it was curable or not. If they desired a prescription he would tell them what roots and herbs to procure, and how to use them. These roots and herbs were the simple ones that grew in the woods, such as burdock root, yellow dock root, mandrake root, and about one hundred others. All the roots then used by him are now made into fluid extracts, and prescribed by the regular physicians in America; but at that time the physician of the regular school looked upon them as trash. Truly the world moves, and, as the good Bock says, 'the ignorant shall confound the mighty.' Of the thousands of examinations held by this medium I failed to find one person who said that the description given him was incorrect. The following are some of the cases treated :—

CASE I.—A young lady about twenty-two had, seven years previously, hurt her spine, and since that time had been under the care of regular physicians, gradually becoming worse, and when seen by the clairvoyant was unable to walk, and for some years had lain on her back in bed. In three weeks from the first treatment she was able to walk about, and from that time gained strength and health and finally recovered.

CASE II.—A baby, one year old, had suffered with a strange disease, which the regular physicians were unable to help. At the time it came under the clairvoyant's treatment it was a fearful-looking object, the skin scarcely hiding the bones, and it cried night and day. The parents were Roman Catholics, of good position in society, and had spared no means to get relief. The clairvoyant said that worms were the only thing that troubled the child. He ordered a teaspoonful of ground pumpkin seed to be given in milk three times a day, and a mixture of dandelion root, gold thread root, &c. In a few days the child began to put on flesh, and before a month a very marked improvement had taken place. From that time the child was well, and grew up to be a fine healthy boy.



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EDITOR ... .. E. DAWSON ROGERS.

*Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.*

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## Light,

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### A BIAS AND ITS PENALTY.

We are never long without fresh illustrations of the fact that the teachers of the world much more need Spiritualism than Spiritualism needs them; nor does it really matter whether these teachers hail from the Folk-Lore Society or from the Psychical Research Society, from the Royal Society, or from the Church. The halting, the misreading, the failure to grasp the inner meanings, the always amusing and sometimes discreditable use of the word 'impossible,' would all be cured, or on the road to a cure, if the philosophers or the preachers possessed our key.

We are really sorry for the excellent gentlemen who, as philosophers, have made up their minds not to give in to 'spirits'—if they can help it; and we are equally sorry for the clerical teachers who have to feed themselves and to feed others (if they can) on ancient stories instead of modern instances, on proof-texts instead of proofs positive, and, generally speaking, on the 'dry remainder biscuit' instead of on the new bread of life. But we are most of all sorry for the religious teachers who have emancipated themselves from the conventional creeds, and are therefore free to face facts, who, nevertheless, carry over to their rationalism their old animus against Spiritualism. In doing that, they make a sorry bargain, and pay a great deal for a very little. We can understand the heretic who gives up the formal creeds for the sake of perfect freedom of inquiry: but we confess we do not understand the heretic who goes out only to larger denials, and therefore to narrower grooves.

These reflections have been suggested by Mr. Charles Voysey's latest published sermon, which is almost entirely occupied by his well-known reflections upon the character or, let us say, the behaviour of Jesus Christ. The conclusion of the sermon is a sharp attack upon the account of the 'Transfiguration.' Mr. Voysey's intense dislike to everything spiritualistic is as well-known as his animus against Christ; and, in this reference to the 'Transfiguration,' the two streams of antagonism meet with startling results. Of course Mr. Voysey cannot believe in the 'Transfiguration,' and that is just where the Nemesis comes in. His acute bias prevents him seeing the meaning of the story, and his animus finishes him off.

In the oddest way imaginable, Mr. Voysey tries to make out that if the story of the 'Transfiguration' is true, it reveals, 'not spirituality at all, but gross materialism.' Why? Because the spirit-persons were manifested as real persons? What then? Does Mr. Voysey think that spirituality means non-personality? He would probably

say *No*: and be very indignant because we ask the question. But, if Moses and Elias were, at the time, real persons, where does the 'gross materialism' come in when they contrive to so control matter, or to so affect the disciples, that they were made visible? Is it 'gross materialism' to say that a spirit can control matter or influence the vision? We fail to see that: and Mr. Voysey would not have talked such nonsense (he really must pardon us) if it had not been for his extreme irritability as against Spiritualism.

He proceeds to say that the story represents Jesus 'as resorting to the commonest devices of jugglery to produce a startling effect on the minds of his three disciples.' Now we deliberately ask him what he means by 'the commonest devices of jugglery'? A few lines before he says 'it is on the poorest and lowest lines of necromancy.' What is 'necromancy,' Mr. Voysey? And do you really mean that 'jugglery' and 'necromancy' are the same?

The story is called 'a transformation scene,' and Mr. Voysey represents Jesus as in some way getting it up, if the story is true. Will he tell us what the story suggests about the stage management of Jesus? We must respectfully go down to Mr. Voysey's chosen ground in order to pin him to his statement.

The story says, 'The fashion of his countenance was changed, and his raiment was white and glistening'; and all Mr. Voysey can say is, 'How undignified'! See how these story-tellers have 'bedaubed the innocent and simple-minded Jesus of Nazareth with their histrionic paint'! For our own part, we look upon that lovely scene with far different thoughts; but that perhaps is because we have been long used to recognising the transforming (we are not afraid of the word—'the transforming') power of the spirit to make even the dull things of earth glow with

The light that never was on sea or land.

The poorest Spiritualist could have given Mr. Voysey the key to this scene, so pitifully misunderstood by him, so miserably hidden from his eyes.

Mr. Voysey thinks that 'it is just possible (think of that, "just possible"! ) that in our own day there are people left who could be impressed by such a scene, and who could believe in Moses and Elias "appearing in glory," whatever that phrase may mean.' But to him it is only 'artifice' or 'celestial conjuring.' We do not care to dispute the matter with him. We have only cited him as a case in point. There are many rationalists who retain the old bias against Spiritualism, and who thus deprive themselves of one of the justifications for and uses of free-thought. We started out to show the penalty they pay; and we think the lesson is both timely and useful.

### CONVERSAZIONE.

A Conversazione of the members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be held in the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall, on the evening of Thursday, October 24th. Further particulars will be announced in due course.

MRS. BESANT.—We are requested to state that the series of lectures now in course of delivery on Sunday evenings in the Queen's Hall (Small Hall), Langham-place, begin at eight o'clock, and not at seven, as stated in last week's 'LIGHT.'

MR. SLATER'S MEDIUMSHIP.—A correspondent writes to suggest that those persons to whom certain prophecies were given by Mr. Slater, as reported in 'LIGHT' of September 7th, should inform us whether those prophecies were duly fulfilled. One lady, for instance, was told that a friend, who was then in an asylum, would come out on a certain date, and it would be interesting to know whether he did so. Another lady was told that, having had an offer for a house, but refused it as insufficient, she would, by waiting for a certain time, get the full price she required. Was Mr. Slater right in this prediction? We shall be glad if these ladies will give us the information asked for.



## A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF MRS. HARDINGE BRITTEN.

We had hoped to include, under the title of 'The Mysteries of Mediumship,' an Interview with Mrs. Hardinge Britten, one of our most popular and effective inspirational speakers, and a lady who has had a number of strange experiences gathered during a long course of years in many lands. Mrs. Britten, however, prefers to give a record of her life in her own words, and to that end, as our readers will be pleased to learn, she is engaged in the preparation of a full Autobiography, a work which will be of great value in the history of our movement. In the meantime she has kindly placed at our disposal the following chapter from the book, a chapter which will give to present-day Spiritualists a vivid picture of the difficulties and dangers which not infrequently beset the paths of the valiant pioneers :—

### CHAPTER VII.

'BUT EVEN THE VERY HAIRS OF YOUR HEADS ARE ALL  
NUMBERED—FEAR NOT, THEREFORE, YE ARE OF MORE VALUE  
THAN MANY SPARROWS.'

As this autobiography is not written with any desire for personal distinction, but solely with the hope of adding to the vast mass of literature already devoted to the exposition of the Spiritual movement—or at least a few representative histories of the rough and rugged roads traversed by the feet of the first pioneers of the great Spiritual propaganda—so I propose to give, in this chapter, one out of the countless examples of what I myself, no less than many others of my fellow-workers, were called upon to endure in the effort to plant the standards of our noble faith in new and untried fields of human opinions.

I must premise that as the experiences narrated in a previous chapter served to surround me with a perfect halo of unsought reputation, so the friends of Spiritualism in the various districts of New York State literally besieged me with entreaties to come and lecture at various places, the very names of which I, as a comparative stranger in America, had never even heard of.

Amongst these appeals was one from a Mr. George Smith, of Rondout—a place, as my correspondent informed me, on the Hudson River, and easily accessible in any steamboat passages between New York City and Troy—places at which I was frequently fulfilling Sunday engagements.

No one with whom I consulted appeared to know anything of the Spiritual status of this same 'Rondout,' though I was informed that it was a County town in a mountain district, and the centre of a vast coal region. Whilst I was pondering upon the propriety of accepting Mr. Smith's invitation, my spirit advisers, speaking with me, as they ever have done, by a voice (which impinges upon my spiritual ear as plainly as human tones reach my material sense of hearing), peremptorily desired me to answer Mr. Smith's letter in the affirmative; and this I did at once, appointing a certain Tuesday of a week when I was to fulfil a Sunday's and Monday's engagement at Troy.

At the time appointed, on an afternoon in the bitterly cold month of December, 1857, I landed at Rondout from the Hudson River steamboat, and was at once met by a pleasant looking man, who accosted me by my name, giving his own as that of my correspondent, George Smith. This gentleman at once took my baggage, and conducted me to his buggy, which was in waiting. After a few words of kindly greeting from my companion, he drove on, maintaining an unbroken silence until we arrived at his house. As our road lay entirely up a steep mountain, more like a wall than a hill, I attributed Mr. Smith's taciturnity to the necessity he felt of devoting his entire attention to the zig-zag ascent of his poor horse.

On reaching his house, he took me in, introduced me to his brother's wife, and left me with the promise to return as soon as he had put up his horse. I was engaged to lecture at Rondout on that and the succeeding evening; so, after being kindly inducted by my hostess into the room I was to occupy, I hastened to return to the parlour, where I found Mr. Smith awaiting me, his naturally round jolly face lengthened into an ominous long oval. Premising that he deemed it *his duty* to inform me of the place I had arrived at, he went on to say that the chief of the inhabitants were more or less connected with the mining interests, though it was the County seat of the district; and, he added that, whether the classes of the place were high or low, they were all with one accord intensely orthodox, and, in consequence, intensely superstitious, ignorant, and bitterly opposed to Spiritualism—'in short,' he said, 'they were either a pretty rough lot, or a fiercely orthodox one.'

Proceeding with his narrative, which I only interrupted by drawing a long breath, he said that a few years ago his brother—an elder Smith, then absent—had turned out to be a great clairvoyant and healer under spiritual influence. He (the speaker) had become intensely interested in the cause, and in the hope of sharing the glad tidings of spirit communion with his neighbours he had engaged J. B. Conkling, a celebrated test medium of New York City, to come there. He had also engaged the Rev. S. B. Brittan, the Rev. T. L. Harris, and other eminent spiritual lecturers, to visit the place, all of whom had either been prevented from landing by parties of hired 'roughs,' or, if they came, had been mobbed, pelted, and driven away, with garments soiled and damaged by mud, rotten eggs, and even still more dangerous missiles.

'There is a place, quite handy,' said Mr. Smith, confidentially, 'where one of our friends resides, and to which I have conveyed our lecturers and mediums when it was no longer safe for them to stay, and from whence they could escape at nightfall by a route which the mobs did not suspect.' He added that his poor brother, the medium, had been a special mark for public execration; and, although he was himself in an official situation, his windows had been systematically smashed about once a month, his garden trampled down, stable burned, and even the stone fence he had put up round the premises had been hammered almost to pieces.

Pausing in his list of calamities, but only with the effort to take breath and pour out a fresh tide of horrors, I felt the necessity of interrupting him in as steady a voice as I could command, asking why, in Heaven's name, he had betrayed me into a visit to that awful place. Mr. Smith humbly replied—first, because I was a young English lady, and he did not think the worst American 'rough' would be mean enough to harm me; next, because he had heard such enthusiastic accounts of my success elsewhere; and, finally, *because the spirits themselves* had bidden him to send for me.

Plainly speaking, I am, by nature, quite sufficiently nervous to have incurred from many of my most intimate acquaintances the reputation of being a decided 'coward'; and moreover, the wholly unexpected favour with which my cultured audiences in the cities had hitherto received me, certainly did not contribute to reconcile me to the position in which poor Mr. Smith's narrative threatened to place me; but, when, after the terrible prospects he had opened up to me, he gave the above cited reasons for sending for me, my mortal terror at the position he had placed me in was heightened by justifiable indignation. The reproaches, however, which I was about to cast on him were interrupted by his saying with a piteously appealing look and tone, 'I have stuck up with my own hands three sets of bills announcing your coming; the two first sets



have been all torn down or blackened over; I then went ten miles off to borrow the highest ladder in the county, and with this I stuck up the third set I have had printed, too high to be reached or pelted. Oh, Mrs. Hardinge!' added the strong man in weak, trembling, pleading accents, 'do try to speak for me!' 'I will,' I murmured. Rising up to go, he added, 'I have hired a hall very near here. This morning, on going in to see if it was all right, I found they had taken out every seat, and, except for the platform, it was quite empty. But you see I am not easily to be beaten, so I have gone to a very poor fellow up yonder, who keeps a school, and agreed to give him a good sum for the loan of his school-forms. These, I am myself going to fetch now, as I can't hire anyone to do it, and I shall seat the hall with them.' And so, for the next three hours, I watched George Smith, as I sat at the window, passing and repassing, carrying the heavy forms on his shoulders, whilst I sat at the window nursing a little two-year-old child of his brother's, and singing all the most doleful ditties I could remember. The brave man, carrying his heavy burdens, always turned his bright face to me, to nod and smile with as cheery a look as if he was the happiest of mortals.

Good Mrs. Smith brought me a cup of tea, which I was too choked to swallow, and when seven o'clock came at last, and I had covered my dainty lecturing dress with a large cloak, Mrs. Smith and I sallied forth, she carrying a lantern to light my way in the midst of the thick darkness and a drizzling rain. The hall was not far off, but to reach it we had to cross the road, and before she would let me do this she picked up pieces of large flat stones and made a path for me, with my thin boots, to tread on. Arrived at the hall door, there stood George Smith, with a huge knotted stick in his hand. Slightly opening the rough overcoat he wore, he showed me a belt round him, on each side of which was stuck a pistol and a bowie knife.

Without a word spoken he walked by my side through the hall, and stood guarding the door of the ante-room whilst I took off my cloak and hood. He then closely guarded me up to the platform, and stationed himself close beside my chair on one side, whilst poor Mrs. Smith, with an ashy pale face, but composed manner, sat on the other side of me.

The hall was about three-parts full of the roughest set of men I had ever seen, all of whom wore their hats, whilst, except Mrs. Smith and myself, there were only two women in the audience. George Smith, stepping to the front of the platform, then introduced me in a brief, manly, but highly eulogistic speech, at the close of which, amidst dead silence, I commenced to speak. After proceeding for about five minutes, about a dozen men, as if at a preconcerted signal, rose from their seats, and, with their heavy, wooden, clog-like shoes, stamped round the room and out at the door, shouting, 'A witch! A witch!'

With a calmness and composure I had never before in my life experienced, I stood still, only motioning to George Smith to be quiet, until the 'roughs' had gone out. I then went on again, speaking for a few minutes more as if nothing had happened, when another dozen fellows got up and repeated exactly the same programme. And thus, though the stampings and shouts continued for nearly an hour, I, after each interruption, resumed the lecture with as much composure as if I had been addressing the most refined audience. When I finally closed, under the same amazing, but perfectly calm influence, there could not have been more than half-a-dozen people left, and these sat staring at me as if I had indeed been a superhuman being.

On emerging from the hall we found the entire crowd of ruffians waiting for us. At this sight George Smith gave his heavy stick into his sister-in-law's hand, and thrusting her before him, while I still held her arm, he

threw open his coat, took a pistol in each hand, and, as they were revolvers, now and then fired a shot in the air, occasionally turning round to face and threaten the mob, who kept shouting 'A witch! a witch!' And thus he pushed us on to the house, the cowardly wretches slinking back as he faced and threatened them with his revolvers, until we had reached the stone fence of his garden, hurried up the path, and escaped into the house-passage. Then, standing on the stone steps, he called on the mob to 'come on;' and not until the cowards, scared by the shots he still kept firing in the air, had finally retreated with yells and screams, did the brave man enter the house himself, closing and barring the door behind him. When all was quiet, and the last yell had died away in the distance, then it was that the resolution of the strong man utterly forsook him. Sinking into a chair and covering his face with his hands, amidst fast-falling tears and choking sobs, the hitherto gallant reformer refused all our attempts to cheer and encourage him.

Speaking at length in hushed tones, he murmured that his last stake was played, his last hopes were shattered, and his heart was wrung with shame and anguish for having exposed a young English lady to such disgraceful scenes. To atone for this as well as he could, he said, was all that remained for him to do, and the plan he meant to pursue to secure my safety was this. At midnight, when all was quiet, he would harness up the pony, and drive me by a secluded way to his friends' house, some few miles away. There, he said, I should be safe under their protection, till morning, when they who had so generously aided the escape of other mediums would put me in the train for New York. Then, and before he would suffer me to interrupt him by a single word, he drew out his purse and, piling up a mass of dollars before me, he mournfully insisted upon paying doubly, as far at least, he added, as any sums could ever atone for such treatment. Under the same resistless influence that had sustained me all that dreadful night, and now held me as if with a grip of iron, I pushed his money away, and bade him calmly listen to me.

'This is a county seat, is it not?' I said.

'Yes, madam.'

'Then you have a magistrate residing here?'

'We have.'

'And a court-house?'

'And a court-house, lady.'

'Very well,' I said—(and that without ever having seen an American court-house, and without the slightest idea of its functions). 'Now, what you must do is this. Go, to-morrow morning, to your magistrate.'

'The squire we call him, ma'am.'

'Very well then, go to the Squire the first thing. *He will listen to you.* Tell him your whole story from first to last. Tell him how you have been treated—especially this night; then ask him, *in my name*, to grant you the use of the court-house for to-morrow evening for a second lecture from me. Ask him to come himself, and listen to me, and if I say anything contrary to his sense of right, to the law, or the peace and welfare of the people, let him arrest me; but that if I speak what he deems to be good and righteous truths, I call upon him to protect me. Now, Mr. Smith, will you do as I say?'

'I'll do it, and repeat every word just as you have said it, and may God help me through the effort,' replied Mr. Smith.

'God helps those that help themselves,' were the last words my stern guides made me speak that night.

It was nearly one o'clock on the next day before I again saw George Smith. As he entered the house on returning home to his dinner, his kind face might have been taken as a model for the full moon, so jolly and plump were the proportions to which it had attained. 'The



Squire' had received him kindly, listened with attention, and some show of indignation, to the narrative of his wrongs. At the close, the request he had preferred had been granted. 'The Squire' authorised notice of the intended meeting to be posted outside the Court House door, granted its free use, and promised himself to attend the lecture. Even the clerk of the weather was in sympathy with us that night, for it was fine, and the brilliant light of the full moon made stepping stones and lanterns unnecessary.

On entering the Court House, I at once perceived that it was crowded to excess, and that, by respectable women as well as men of a very different stamp to the 'rowdies' of the preceding night. George Smith escorted me up to the 'judge's' seat, the place that had been assigned me, and made a simple but effective little introductory speech asking, for the honour of America, that the audience would give the young English lady a patient hearing. When he retired, the Squire, who occupied some official seat near me, rose, and addressing the audience, after looking sternly around for some time, like a schoolmaster facing a set of unruly children, he said, 'There's the lady; here am I; and now—behave yourselves!'

I can scarcely ever recollect the subjects of the lectures I deliver, save when I am obliged to correct reports of the same for publication; but I do remember that one distinctly—and that the subject of the special night's lecture was the Bible story of the Patriarch Joseph. I know also that it was listened to with breathless silence till towards the end, when a number of little choking coughs, blowing of noses, and faint murmurs of admiration testified to the profound effect the lecture had produced on those present.

During the questions at the close, in which the Squire took an active part, it seemed difficult to restrain the audience from bursting out into applause. At the termination of the night's exercises, the Squire again arose and said that 'all the lady had taught in the lecture and in her answers to the questions, was just the kind of religion he had been waiting to find all his life, and as long or as often as she chose to come to Rondout and give such teaching as she had done that night, she should have the Court House free and him for a listener—if it was for the next fifty years.'

With three irrepressible cheers for the lady, and three more for the Squire, proposed, as the Smiths afterwards assured me, by one of the worst of the 'roughs' of the preceding night, the grand meeting, which celebrated the life-long triumph of good George Smith and his belief over all his enemies, was brought to a happy close.

I never found time, or had occasion, to visit Rondout again, though I was often pressed to do so, and frequently heard of the place as one of the great strongholds of Spiritualism, whilst a flourishing children's Lyceum, which was subsequently conducted there, gave promise that the next generation would atone in their wisdom and religious beliefs for the errors and mistakes of their progenitors.

As my first reception and bitter experiences at Rondout prepared me for all too many similar scenes (ever followed, however, I must admit, in opening scores of other new places), I cannot but believe that the scenes above related were good lessons, and necessary preparatory steps for such an unrelenting pioneer, and devoted Spiritual propagandist, as the one who recalls this true history.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

DR. MACK.—We note that Dr. Mack has returned after a long visit to the United States, and may again be consulted at 53, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, W.

TRY to keep clear of prejudice, and be willing to alter any opinion you may hold when further light breaks upon your mind. He is clever beyond precedent, or weak beyond measure, who never sees reason to change his judgment of men and things.

## THE PHOTOGRAPHING OF VITAL FORCE.

Some of our readers will be acquainted with the uses of the sphygmograph, a delicate instrument which is employed to indicate, by means of its needle point travelling over the surface of smoked or blackened glass, the precise outlines described by muscles and nerves when excited to motion. A French observer of considerable distinction, Dr. Baraduc—to whose experiments reference was made a week or two ago in these columns—has obtained, on highly sensitised photographic films, some results of an astonishing character, and which, although they cannot be called the results of a process analogous to that of the sphygmograph, may be more easily comprehended by this reference to the method of that instrument's working. Dr. Baraduc's results have been got without the intervention of a needle, and have some resemblance to the telegraphic experiments of Mr. Preece, of the General Post Office, who succeeded in sending messages between certain stations without the intervention of a wire. The difference in Dr. Baraduc's case is that the receiver of the message or image is a photographic film, and the sender of it, without any visible direct contact, is supposed to be what the doctor calls vital force. The experiments throw a strange light on some phases of psychic photography, and were published in '*La Curiosité*,' a journal of scientific occultism. We give, as follows, the substance of Dr. Baraduc's paper. It is of a very technical character, but we make it as intelligible as we can by the subjoined translation:—

Taking for point of departure the circumstance of the electric fluid leaving a graphic impression on a Lumière plate in darkness by means of its own vibration, I began a series of experiments in order to ascertain if the vital fluid which sets in motion the needle of a biometer had also the capacity to register its own vibrations on such a plate, and to reveal itself by any specially peculiar delineation which would permit of differentiation from that of electricity. After the spring of 1893 I succeeded in arranging a method of electro-negative extraction of the human fluid, based on the capacity which it possesses of traversing a glass plate and rapidly impressing the sensitised film from the posterior to the anterior surface, which electricity cannot do. The latter, obliged to go round the edges of the glass, gives its graphic indication by very distinct pencillings on the edges of the plate, whose centre is occupied by the vital fluidic vibrations; that is, by manifestations of the invisible.

Here are the distinctive characteristics of the different graphic signs. The positive static current gives most abundant radiations, like a bushy crop of hair diverging in the most extreme fashion. The negative current manifests by a milky opacity which contracts on itself with a uniform aspect. The different indications of the vital human fluid, the cosmic, the psychic, and that of forces not yet classified, are very diverse. By this method of electro-static negative extraction, which may be called the decoy system, the vital human current, withdrawn and vibrating, appears on the plate in the form of a dappled cloud, showing, here and there, neatly finished points. These electro-vital points—with which the Electro-Therapeutical Society occupied itself in June, 1894—united or independent of each other, resemble tiny elementary stars launched into space. Some indications show their production; their individuality as far as separation from the fluidic mass; and their movement in space is attested by the zone of luminous vibration which, like tiny comets, they leave behind them. Their indications show their relation to positive or negative electrical centres; the manner in which this vital force behaves; the explosions to which these points are liable, and their fusion with centres more powerful than themselves. The cosmic vital force presents itself under an aspect which may be compared to a net-like tissue—a knitted veil of cellular-like texture—or, like frog-spawn. Arrived at this point in my researches it became interesting to know if the fluidic emanations of the hand could be received on a plate without the intervention of electricity. In June, 1894, the emanations of the hand held over a plate, but without contact, I was, for the first time, able to observe scientifically, because every technical operation and manipulation was performed by myself. This hand strongly impressed the plate with its living vibrations, and yielded a printable negative. This



experiment, the first of its kind, I am pleased to say, was carried out in the house of Commandant Darget, in his cellar, with the assistance of Madame Darget and Mons. Cote. I have done it subsequently, but the first was obtained at Marseilles. The conclusion, therefore, is that this vital human force is capable of impressing a photographic plate without the necessity of having recourse to electrical vibration. It is the odic vibration spontaneously received and registered by the plate on which it is inscribed; in the meanwhile this same vibration sets in motion the needle of the biometer after having traversed the protecting cuirass and the glass of the instrument, in a sense similar to the decoy method, or, in the repelling sense, similar to the projection method. The latter mode was destined to bring in the influence of the will and to determine if the psychic fluid might have been necessary there, projected by means of other impressions. The psychic force shows itself in the form of tiny explosions, having a power sufficiently great to volatilise with small points the sensitive plate, and to dig into it minute holes which penetrate as far as the glass. During this experiment I was led to adopt an entirely new process of image projection, and to verify that the mental creator of an intercranial fluidic image may be received on a plate which has registered it. The first result of this electro-odo-psychic method of projection on a Lumière plate was to substantiate that what is called a psychic image, formed by mental concentration by a more or less powerful imagination, can be projected by the hand, transmitted by positive electricity, and its vibratory motion can be registered by the plate in such a way that the will, after having created it, can exteriorise the image thought of, in conditions interesting to explain, whose study sets in strong relief the creative quality of mental light. Thus a proportional mixture of electricity as carrier, and of vital fluid as means, of voluntary thought or revealed psychism, produces a desired image, exteriorises it by means of the hand, projects it on the receptive plate without the fingers moving or tracing any design whatever, and the creative mind, with different vibratory intensity, shows lights and shadows like the blending of tints by a painter.

I believe it may be a curious psychic manifestation, that of seeing how the will of a man may have sufficient potency and intelligence to 'scumble' on a plate, without any correlative movement of the hand, vibratory and chemical intensity, so that the experiment may present alternatively shade and light inversely to that of the plate itself; since on the latter nothing is seen by the eye, while on paper the created image comes out. It is a very complete and manifest revelation of the power of mind. Pushing the question further, it is a curious thing to observe that alongside of the image willed and created, there are others which spontaneously appear, and of which our consciousness has no perception; things which lead us to higher dominions of extra-human intelligence. The law of antithesis has driven me to devise an inverse method, not for human psychic projections on the plate, but for those above referred to. This method opens up a field so vast and so astounding that after having received a series of impressed plates which somewhat troubled me, I concentrated my researches on the study of human and cosmical vital force, but I must add, on the other hand, that I obtained such beautiful proofs of an extra-human higher psychism that, thanks to a collection of eighty impressed plates, I am justified in concluding that outside of man there exist fluidic planes, vital, psychical, and intellectual, in the dominion of the invisible as in that of the visible.

DOTT. BARADUC.

It is greatly to be hoped that Dr. Baraduc's interesting and important experiments will be repeated by other competent hands. The results recorded were so novel, and so wonderful, that without confirmation it is difficult to accept the doctor's conclusions as established beyond question.

It is better to be generous than selfish, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who in the tempestuous darkness of the soul has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks.

It often amuses me to hear men impute all their misfortunes to fate, luck, or destiny, whilst their successes or good fortune they ascribe to their own sagacity, cleverness, or penetration. It never occurs to such minds that light and darkness are one and the same, emanating from and being part of the same nature.—COLERIDGE.

## TWO LUCIFERIAN SEANCES.

Perhaps the following narratives, both professedly of eye-witnesses, may interest readers of 'LIGHT' as specimens of what Palladists can obtain in the way of phenomena through a medium. I translate them from the book, 'Le Diable au XIX Siècle,' referred to in 'LIGHT' of September 14th, the pseudonymous author of which, 'Dr. Bataille,' now turns out to be a Dr. Charles Hacke. The first account purports to be by Albert Pike, the late great Masonic Pontiff, himself, in the course of a communication to the Supreme Council of Charlestown, in 1884, concerning a recent tour of inspection. Presumably, possession of this long document came into the hands of Dr. Hacke as one of the hierarchs of the Order:—

At St. Louis, where the great work was in process, we had astonishing revelations through the sister Ingersoll, who is a medium of the first order. We held a solemn Palladic session, at which I presided, assisted by brother Friedman and sister Wahrnburn. Without sending the sister Ingersoll to sleep, we possessed her (*la pénétrâmes*) with the spirit Ariel himself, who, in entering, introduced also three hundred and twenty-nine spirits of the fire. It was a wonderful séance. Sister Ingersoll, raised in space, hovered over the assembly; her garments were consumed by a flame without source, which enveloped but did not burn her; and during ten minutes she was visible to us in this condition (*à l'état de vérité*). Floating over our heads, as if borne by an invisible cloud, or sustained by beneficent spirits, she replied to all the questions we put to her; and in this way we got the latest news of our illustrious and beloved brother, Adrian Lemmi. Then, Astaroth in person showed himself floating in air, close to sister Ingersoll, and holding her hand. He blew upon her, and her clothes, rematerialised, were again upon her. Finally, Astaroth disappeared, and our sister medium dropped gently on an arm-chair, where, her head turned back, she breathed out Ariel and the three hundred and twenty-nine spirits who had accompanied him. We counted three hundred and thirty expirations in all.\*

The witness for the following is Dr. Hacke himself:—

In the habitation of Haarlem Lane, where I saw the Ingersoll, all one evening, I was able to assure myself that the evoking Magi did not take the trouble to send the medium to sleep. A prayer of the Luciferian ritual was enough. The young woman got up without any cataleptic stiffness, smiled, and came towards the initiates, saying, 'I feel the spirit.' 'Who art thou?' asked one of the Elect-Magi. 'Behemoth.' 'What is thy sign?' 'Let someone touch my arms.' I approached, and with one hand I took hold of the Ingersoll's right arm. It was natural, palpable. I had good hold of it. 'Take the other,' she said to me. I tried—the left arm was impalpable. I closed my hand upon it without seizing anything, and yet I saw that left arm clearly; she raised it, lowered it, not withdrawing it when I would take hold of it; and my fingers touched nothing. But each time I felt in the hollow of my hand a lively sensation of a burn, as if that void hid invisible flames. Then the same happened with the right arm, the left becoming palpable. I was satisfied; there was no trickery; in the body of that woman there had been really a demon.

A plank was brought, of eight or ten centimètres thickness, not more; it was placed on two trestles. The Ingersoll got upon it, and stood upright on it. All at once her body began to descend, and her clothes with the body, as if a hole had been suddenly made for its passage; but below the plank there was only the empty space as before. She descended thus to her middle. It was physically impossible for the lower half of her to be enclosed in the plank; the wood was not thick enough. Several of us, myself for one, took swords and moved them about under the plank, striking against nothing. Half the Ingersoll's body had absolutely disappeared.

I then thought of a private experiment. While the Palladist brothers and sisters uttered cries of joy, and in a Luciferian hymn proclaimed the power of the good God, and prayed that the possessing spirit would manifest in the person of the young woman, I mentally recited the Ave Maria. At that moment, the upper part of the Ingersoll's body, the part supporting the

\* One would prefer the original English of Albert Pike; the above, of course, being a re-translation.



head, began to enlarge monstrously; the skin became of a dirty grey, wrinkled like the hide of a pachyderm; the neck swelled enormously; the head was transformed in a few seconds; it was that of an elephant. But the eyes remained the same; they were not those of an elephant, but of the Ingersoll; but the eyes testified to a kind of rage, also expressed by a frightful noise and by the wild movements of the trunk.

All were stupified; it seemed that Behemoth had never appeared in this way before. However, it was soon over. The Ingersoll was suddenly standing entire and upright on the plank, just as before, but of a livid pallor. She cried out and fell back. Some of the brothers caught her quickly in their arms, while she murmured, 'Oh, I don't know what has happened to me this time; I have suffered much during a long minute.'

This event was much discussed that evening in the triangle of Haarlem Lane. I shall return later to this affair, which had consequences for me; for it figured among the offences imputed to me at my trial. C.C.M.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

#### A Seance with Mrs. Guppy-Volckman.

SIR,—As I think any well-established accounts of phenomena help to prove to inquirers the great and consoling truth of spirit surroundings, I think your readers may be interested in a few details of facts occurring to myself and Mrs. Guppy-Volckman within the last fortnight.

One afternoon, sitting in my drawing-room at Ostend, we were talking of crystal-gazing, when I said, 'I will show you my crystal.' I went to fetch it, and put it into her hands. (I should mention that a little girl of mine at one time used to see visions in it, but having been forbidden by my guides to allow her to gaze for the present, I had put it away. It happened, however, that the day before I showed it to Mrs. Guppy-Volckman I had allowed the child to use it.)

Well, Mrs. Guppy-Volckman looked at it, and gave it back to me, and I returned it to its box, which I put on a table. Then we went to dinner, and afterwards to the theatre, not returning to the room.

In the morning when I took my pencil, my guide's guide wrote: 'Where is your crystal?' I replied 'I don't know.' 'Well,' he said, 'It's gone.' I suppose he took it as a punishment for my disobedience. I then went into the drawing-room, and there was the box; but it was empty—no crystal, nor have I since seen it.

That same morning I went to see Mrs. Guppy-Volckman, and we made a sort of impromptu dark chamber by pinning a black shawl round our necks. Then we held each other's hands, fingers entwined, under the shawl. Mrs. Guppy-Volckman suggested that I should make a request; so, as a proof of the truth of a promise given to me, I asked for something to be brought from my house to Mrs. Volckman's; and within three minutes an ornament off my drawing-room chimney-piece fell on my lap.

I will also mention just one other case which occurred a few days ago, as illustrating the care our dear ministering spirits take of us. I am forbidden by my guides to write as early, or indeed to get up as early, as I should like, she not thinking it good for my health. That morning I was restless, and could not sleep, so I went up to my little séance room (my spirit guide's room, as I call it) to write a letter. I found my pen had been taken away, so I knew I must go back to bed, and when I took my pencil later, her guide, who is a very strong and good spirit, wrote, 'You will find your pen on the dining-room table. I took it away. You must not get up so early; Louisa (that is my guide's name) says it is not good for your health.' I went down, and there was the pen on the table, and the servant, who had thoroughly cleaned the room out, even to taking up the carpet (as it was Saturday), declared that the pen was not there half an hour before. C. SAUNDERS.

#### The Law of Psychic Phenomena.

SIR,—Without having 'penetrated any further into the darkness' than 'Beacon Light,' I yet feel that there is not such a serious difficulty presented by the case quoted from Hudson's 'Law of Psychic Phenomena' as he seems to think. Hudson says (page 281), 'Each of the five letters received a reply

which assumed that its writer was a denizen of the spirit-land. How was it assumed? To make this obvious to others Mr. Hudson should have given question and answer in each of the five cases. Suppose I were to ask 'Are you well and happy, and will you come and see me to-morrow?' and get for reply 'I am quite well and very happy, and will try and be with you to-morrow,' what would that be taken to assume? Anything one wished. Mr. Stead has made known the fact that, through his automatic hand, he receives replies addressed to his assistant editor, who may be either asleep or awake at the time of asking. If the medium mentioned by Hudson obtained all his information telepathically from the mind of his sitter, why did he fail to see that two out of the five letters were addressed to persons still living in the flesh? Hudson attributes everything to the medium, but will the most enthusiastic disciple of telepathy solemnly avow his belief in the possibility of writing, in various colours, and distinctly *audible* (pages 279-280), being produced by simple force of will? Again, supposing the answers to have unmistakably represented the writers as inhabitants of spirit-land, one knows very well that inaccuracy is frequently met with; that it may be intentional or otherwise; that, seeing the trap, a kindred spirit might 'keep up the joke' because the laying of the trap indicated the spiritual level of the sitter. It may be argued that laying traps is a perfectly legitimate mode of inquiry. Perhaps so, but at least it shows that no adequate perception of the truth and beauty of this vast subject has been attained. Lastly, it would appear to be regarded as a suspicious feature that the one question which could not be answered by either sitter or medium received no reply. 'A. B. is here, but cannot communicate "to-day." 'A. B.' may or may not have been there, and one regrets a lost opportunity for conviction, but it certainly cannot be taken as proof of 'telepathy only.' All investigators know the potency of what is understood by conditions—how complete failure will occur on one occasion and corresponding success on another. 'Beacon Light,' I think, accepts the fact of spirit agency, but is perplexed by the uncertainties. Is he acquainted with the teaching of 'Imperator'? The matter is dealt with again and again, but even 'Imperator' says:—

We would further point out to you that all our intercourse with the material plane is governed by laws which your science has not yet defined. Neither we, nor you, know as yet many of the causes which interfere with our power. We are not able to lay down laws for your guidance, scarce even for our own. With you the vast importance of the subject is little appreciated, even by those who interest themselves in our work. In many cases sentiments of mere curiosity predominate. With some, even lower motives obtain. No proper care is taken of our mediums. The instrument is out of tune, unstrung, or overworked. The atmospheric conditions vary. We know not always how to meet the various effects so caused. Circles are not properly composed, and many things combine to make it impossible that phenomena should always be similar in their nature or be evoked with regularity.—('Spirit Teachings,' p. 117.)

Keeping this in view we need not be discouraged, I think. 'BIDSTON.'

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.—We are asked why we refrained from publishing the correspondence which reached us in relation to Mr. Raupert's letter. The reason was that a lamentable amount of bitterness was manifested on both sides, affording painful evidence that the controversy was in danger of degenerating into an angry and useless altercation. Clearly, there is a good deal of the 'old Adam' remaining yet, even amongst Spiritualists. More's the pity, but so it is. If creeds and doctrines, which to many are very sacred, are discussed at all, they should be approached in a spirit of reason, reverence, charity, and good will.

NOT all who seem to fail have failed indeed;  
What though the seed be cast by the way-side  
And the birds take it—yet the birds are fed.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SPIRIT-LIFE IN GOD THE SPIRIT. By JOHN PAGE HOPPS. Handsomely bound. One shilling. London: Williams and Norgate; and all booksellers. Post free from 216, South Norwood Hill, S.E.



## SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible, and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

**DAWN OF LIGHT CIRCLE, FLAT 2, 52, WELLS-STREET, OXFORD-STREET.**—Séances are held on Mondays and Wednesdays at 8 o'clock. Mediums, various. On Monday last, Mrs. Hubert gave clairvoyant delineations.—M. H.

**8, BAILEY-STREET, BEDFORD-SQUARE, W.C.**—At the meeting held on Tuesday evening, the 24th inst., Mr. Peters delivered a short trance address, followed by clairvoyance of an exceptionally fine character, including a most convincing test.—J. M.

**SPIRITUAL HALL, 111, CLARENDON-ROAD, NOTTING HILL, W.**—On Sunday last Miss Maynard kindly gave us her valuable services. Her controls ably discoursed upon the soul, after which several spirit messages were given. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Humphries; Tuesday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Mason; October 6th, Mr. Robson.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

**NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY—FINSBURY PARK OPEN-AIR WORK.**—Messrs. Enms, Rodger, Kinsman, Jones, and Brooks addressed a large and deeply interested audience on Sunday. We have to thank a number of friends, including Mr. Darby, for parcels of literature for distribution. Next Sunday, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.—T.B.

**WELCOME HALL, 218, JUBILEE-STREET, MILE END.**—On Sunday last the address given by Mr. Weedemeyer was highly appreciated by a large audience, and the clairvoyance given by Mrs. Weedemeyer was successful, the descriptions being recognised in most instances. On Sunday next, Mr. and Mrs. Brenchley will give clairvoyance.—E. FLINT, Sec.

**STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.**—On Sunday last, Mrs. Stanley gave an excellent address upon 'Vice and Crime,' which was highly appreciated by a crowded audience. On Sunday next, Mr. Veitch will address the meeting. On Thursday, October 10th, a tea and social meeting of members and friends will be held. Tickets for tea and entertainment 1s.; for entertainment only, 8d.; to be had of Mrs. Lambert, 10, Keogh-road, Stratford, E., or of any of the committee. The proceeds will be devoted to the building fund. It is hoped that all members will endeavour to make this a great success. Funds are sadly needed towards the cost of a larger hall, and donations, large or small, will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged by the hon. sec., T. R. MacCullum, 23, Keogh-road, Stratford; or hon. treasurer, J. H. Robertson, 13, Berwick-road, Forest Gate.

**SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.**—On Sunday last Mr. Long continued the subject of 'Spiritual Gifts, and the Means whereby they may be Developed,' to an excellent audience. He defined the terms 'clairvoyance,' 'clairaudience,' and 'trance,' and also explained the method of forming circles, drawing an analogy between the telegraphic system with its batteries and operators, and the properly-formed circle with its mediums and spirit friends.—For the purposes of our Lyceum we are very much in want of a children's library, and although we (including the children themselves) have contributed suitable volumes, we are still miserably deficient, and require at least a hundred more for the young people's home reading, especially during the coming winter. No doubt many of our Spiritualist friends have books which have had their day in the family, and are now stowed away and rarely or never consulted—books which would prove invaluable to us. We would therefore beg those happy possessors to gladden the heart of our Lyceum leader, Mr. Colman, by making up a parcel and forwarding it to 35, Station-road, Camberwell, when immediate acknowledgment will be made in this column.—W. P.

**PECKHAM SPIRITUAL MISSION, CHEPSTOW HALL.**—On Tuesday in last week we held our usual circle, and had a very enjoyable evening under the management of the secretary. On Sunday last, Mr. W. H. Edwards occupied our platform, and gave a lecture on 'The Works of Thomas Paine the Deist, their Relation to the Spiritualism of To-day.' The lecturer handled his subject in a masterly manner. After briefly sketching the life of Paine, leading up to those telling incidents which brought about the declaration of American Independence, he drew attention to the progress of Paine's intellectual attainments, showing distinctly that he must have been spirit-guided, and the instrument for a great work in the hands of a higher power. It was news to the audience to learn that to Thomas Paine must be given the credit of being the first in modern times to raise his eloquent pen against the abuses of slavery, duelling, and cruelty to animals, and in defence of the rights of women. The lecture was unanimously declared to have been an intellectual treat by the largest audience we have had in this hall, with one exception. It is our full intention to have on our platform none but speakers who are fully qualified. On Sunday next, Mr. J. Kinnersley Lewis will give an address, subject, 'The Civilisation of Past Ages.' On Tuesday, October 1st, our second monthly social meeting will be held, the programme having been arranged.—J. C. JONES, Hon. Sec.

**CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.**—In coming to the assistance of the Marylebone Association just at the time they most needed it, Miss Rowan Vincent has once again nobly helped to sustain the cause of Spiritualism in the Metropolis, and has earned thereby the gratitude of all members and friends. The occasion referred to was that of last Sunday, when, in the place of Miss Barlow, Miss Vincent delivered an address of great interest dealing with the various theories put forward to explain, or explain away, clairvoyance. Thought-transference received special attention, the lecturer remarking that she firmly believed that this method was often adopted by disembodied spirits when communicating with their embodied friends. In cases of prophecy, thought-transference, as generally understood, could not be considered as supplying the full explanation. Much more of a deeply interesting nature was contained in Miss Vincent's address, which was, throughout, most attentively listened to. That clairvoyance can, and does, prove spirit-return was exemplified when, at the conclusion of her address, Miss Rowan Vincent gave sixteen delineations, eleven of which were immediately recognised, and one other at the close of the meeting. This was, we believe, the first occasion upon which Miss Vincent has given clairvoyance from a public platform, and the remarkable success attending her efforts will, we trust, embolden her to continue in this new course which has been opened to her, thus adding to the many ways in which she has so greatly benefited the cause of Spiritualism by her generous and unrelenting devotion. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., trance address by the inspirers of Mr. J. J. Morse.—L.H.

**ST. JOHN'S HALL, CARDIFF.**—On Sunday last we were pleased to listen again to our good sister, Mrs. Ellen Green, of Heywood, who gave excellent addresses, and a number of clairvoyant descriptions. In the morning address, 'The Bitters and Sweets of Life,' the various vicissitudes of physical existence were portrayed. These are all wisely ordered, and the discipline is necessary to the development of man's spiritual nature and powers. The bitterness of adversity, coming oftentimes in the midst of prosperity; the bitterness of pain and suffering; the greatest bitterness which comes when the Angel of Death lays the loved ones low—all are salutary and indispensable lessons in the education of the spirit of man. In the struggle for existence we hear much of the just demand of the poor for a living wage, but how often do we overlook the right of the *soul* to demand *its* living wage. In the evening the subject of 'Individual Responsibility' was treated. The responsibility rests upon us of building up healthy bodies, so that the powers of the spirit may find pure and healthy expression. There are many things we can do by proxy, but all the serious duties of life must be personally fulfilled; the man of *work* is of far more use in the world than the man of pleasure; the world needs *men* and *women* to-day who will live for the good of humanity, not *ladies* and *gentlemen* whose only aim in life is the pursuit and gratification of selfish pleasures. We should not live with our heads so high in the clouds that we cannot see the destitution and despair lying close at our feet. A heavy responsibility rests upon all to help those who need it; none are so depraved but there is somewhere in their nature a spark of love and purity, which may, by kindly deed or loving counsel, be quickened into active and healthy life; for good will finally dominate evil. We must realise that we must work out our *own* salvation, realise our *own* responsibility for the destiny we are building up in the other life, and apply in our daily lives that personal, intelligent, and persistent endeavour which shall enable us to fulfil not only our duties to ourselves, but that only creed of a true religion, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself.' Mrs. Green will speak again next Sunday, at 11 a.m., and at 6.30 p.m.—E. A.

## WINCHESTER AND CHEPSTOW HALLS.

**SIR,**—The societies of Winchester and Chepstow Halls have now amalgamated, and for the present will continue to hold meetings at Chepstow Hall *only*. An offer was made to Mr. W. H. Edwards by the agent who has charge of the large central hall known as the 'People's League,' to let it to him for one week night, and all day on Sunday, at £3 per week, payable in advance, which he accepted, for the sake of having a hall in South London which should lend dignity to the movement. Unfortunately, the agent states that the owner will not let him have it, without assigning any reason, and the hall is still to let. Until, then, we can obtain a hall capable of seating 1,000, the meetings will continue to be held in Chepstow Hall. Mr. J. C. Jones, as formerly, will act as secretary, with Mr. W. H. Edwards as president.

W. H. EDWARDS, President.  
J. C. JONES, Hon. Sec.

THERE is a race of savages who believe that the strength of a wild animal passes into the man who fights and kills it. Something of the kind is veritably true of the difficulties which men contend with and finally conquer. The force which they have broken down by vigorous antagonism passes into them and becomes a part of them, enabling them to face new opponents with still greater power.



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